CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

U.S.A.

10¢

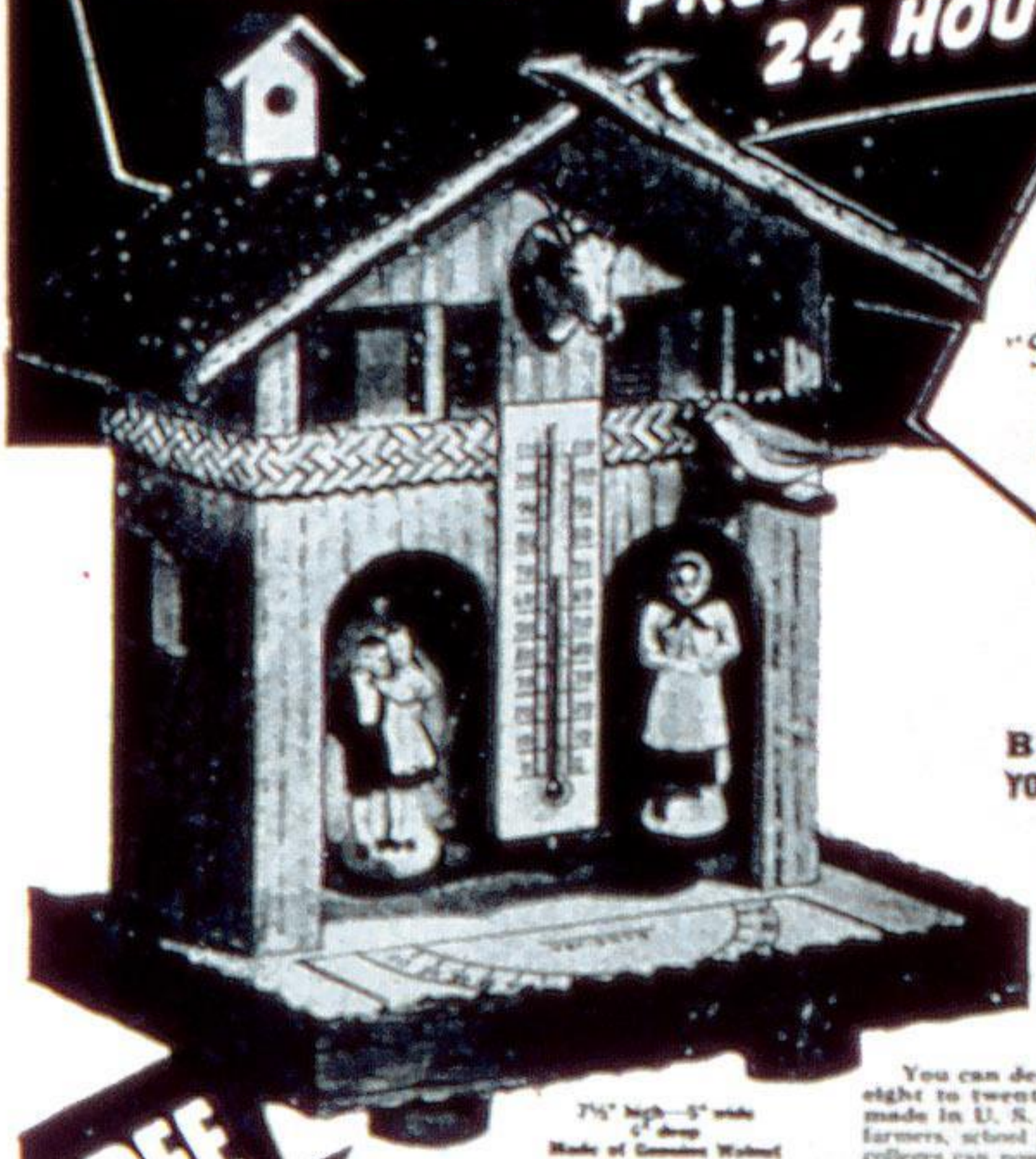
NO. 16

SUMMER COMICS

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



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FREE for Prompt Action

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Made of Genuine Walnut

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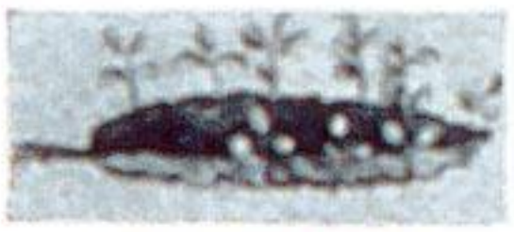

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

"THE RIDDLE OF THE TOTEM POLE!"

DEATH! SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS STRIKES DOWN VICTIM AFTER VICTIM! AND NEAR EACH IS FOUND THE LETHAL OF SYMBOLIC REPLICA A TOTEM POLE---!! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY ANSWER A FRANTIC CALL FOR HELP AND MEET STARK, MARROW-FREEZING ADVENTURE IN SOLVING--- THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS---!

AS THE TRANSCONTINENTAL LIMITED ROARS WESTWARD TOWARDS SEATTLE...

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THIS DAME'S ASKING CAPTAIN AMERICA TO HELP, HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE TOTEM POLE DEATHS-- STEVE?

JUST A HUNCH, BUCKY!

O.K! SO ALL THESE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS HAPPENED TO OLD MEN! SO WHAT?

THE GIRL'S MESSAGE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HER GRANDFATHER BEING IN DANGER AND GRANDFATHERS ARE USUALLY OLD!

BETTER GET READY! BE IN SEATTLE IN A FEW MINUTES! WHA---!

IT IS THEY!!

LOOK OUT STEVE!

COMING BUCKY!!

YEOW! THIS BABY IS COMING FOR MY THROAT WITH THAT THING!

ONE OVER AND THREE TO GO! COME ON, BUCKY-- JOIN THE FUN!

WHEW!

HEY, STEVE! SAVE ONE OF THE OTHER TWO FOR ME!

POW!

RIGHTO KID!

YOW! THE LAST TWO JUMPED! I'LL PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD AND WE CAN HOP OFF AND GET 'EM!

NO! WE'LL HAVE TO LET THEM GO!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER REACHING SEATTLE--THE FAMOUS FIGURES RACE TOWARDS THEIR DESTINATION...

IT WAS A TRAP AND I'LL BET THAT DAME WAS IN ON IT TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE GIRL BEING CONNECTED WITH THE ATTACK, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE SHE SET A TRAP!

HOLY GIMERICKS! WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

UNTIE THE GIRL--I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE OLD MAN.

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

DEAD! AND LIKE THE OTHERS--A REPLICA OF A TOTEM POLE LYING NEXT TO HIM!

A CAREFUL EXAMINATION REVEALS NO CAUSE FOR DEATH! THESE TOTEM POLES MAY GIVE OFF SOME KIND OF POISON!

NO! THE POLICE CHECKED EVERY ANGLE! THE TOTEMS ARE RESPONSIBLE, BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW HOW!

SEVERAL STRANGE LOOKING MEN WITH BRONZE SKINS BROKE IN! GRANDPA WAS TERRIFIED WHEN HE SAW THEM! I FAINTED AND CAME TO-- BOUND AS YOU SAW ME!

BRONZE SKINS, EH?

I NEVER KNEW WHAT GRANDPA FEARED! HE WOULDN'T TELL ME! HE SAID-- IF I KNEW-- I TOO WOULD DIE!

AND YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS ALL THE TIME THESE STRANGE MEN WERE HERE?

NO! I HEARD THEM SAY SOMETHING ABOUT MEETING THE CHIEF IN-- BELFORT-- I THINK IT WAS!

TEMPLE? BELFORT? COME ON BUCKY! THIS IS IT!

AFTER ASSURING THEMSELVES OF THE GIRL'S SAFETY-- CAP AND BUCKY STREAK FOR BELFORT...

PRETTY CARELESS OF THOSE KILLERS-- SPOUTING INFORMATION BEFORE THE GIRL!!

CAP ENLISTS THE AID OF THE POLICE IN BELFORT-- TO LOCATE THE TEMPLE.

THAT BARN IS WHERE THOSE CRAZY BRONZE SAVAGES HOLD THEIR SHENANIGANS!

TOO CARELESS-- I'D SAY!

CAUTIOUSLY--CAP AND BUCKY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE HAYLOFT OVERLOOKING THE FLOOR OF THE OLD BARN...

THE SAME KIND OF BRONZED MUGS--WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

WE'RE NOT LAD! NOT AFTER SEEING THAT REPLICA OF THE SAME TOTEMS WHICH CAUSED ALL THOSE DEATHS!!

YAHOO!!

WATCH THOSE SPEARS AND WAR CLUBS BUCKY!

WOW! THESE BABIES ARE PUSH-OVERS! CINCH-EROO!!

CRACK!

POW!

TOO MUCH OF A "CINCH"--I DON'T LIKE IT!

SUDDENLY--THE LEADER ROARS A COMMAND!

STOP! WE SURRENDER!

AT THE COMMAND OF THEIR LEADER, THE BRONZE SAVAGES MEEKLY SURRENDER TO A JUBILANT BUCKY AND A PUZZLED CAP AND ARE MARCHED OFF TO JAIL... LATER... WE SEE CAP AND BUCKY WAITING IN COURT TO TESTIFY AGAINST THE SAVAGES!

I DON'T GET IT CAP! YOU SHOULD BE GLAD THAT WE WOUND UP THE CASE SO FAST!

I DON'T KNOW KID! THEY GAVE UP TOO EASILY

ON WHAT GROUNDS DO YOU DEMAND DISMISSAL?

THAT THE WHITE MANS COURT HAS NO PROOF THAT SACRED TOTEM CAUSED DEATH TO ANY OF VICTIMS!

I AM AWARE THAT THE POLICE HAVE EXAMINED OUR SACRED EMBLEMS FOUND NEAR EACH VICTIM! THESE WERE PROVEN HARMLESS!! BESIDES THE CAUSE OF DEATH HAS NOT BEEN DETERMINED! HOW THEN CAN YOU ACCUSE US?

SUDDENLY... A BAILIFF RUSHES IN AND WHISPERS EXCITEDLY TO THE JUDGE!

YOUR HONOR! --BZ-Z-Z--

EH?

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE TOTEM HAS BEEN FOUND DEAD! SINCE DEATH OCCURED SOME FOUR HOURS AGO-- AND SINCE THE MEMBERS OF THE TRIBE WERE IN CUSTODY AT THE TIME, PROVING THAT THEY COULD NOT HAVE COMMITTED THIS MURDER...

WHAT?

...THE COURT HAS NO ALTERNATIVE, BUT TO FREE THE ACCUSED! CASE DISMISSED!

I KNEW IT! COME ON BUCKY!

WHAT'S UP, CAP?

(GROAN) TALK ABOUT YOUR PERFECT ALIBIS!

TOO PERFECT! LET'S GO! WE HAVE A LOT OF RESEARCH TO DO!

IC LIBRARY

GOSH! YOU MEAN THE LEADER FRAMED THE ALIBI?

YES! IT STARTED WITH THEIR ALLOWING THE GIRL TO OVERHEAR THE LOCATION OF THOR TEMPLE IN BELFORT!

THEY DIDN'T KILL HER BECAUSE THEY WANTED US TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM!

EXACTLY! THEN STAGED A PHONEY RESISTANCE WHEN WE ATTACKED, JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

SURRENDERED, AND THEN LET THEMSELVES BE JAILED--KNOWING THE NEXT VICTIM WOULD DIE AND THEY'D HAVE A PERFECT ALIBI--EH?

YES! AND IT'S OUR JOB TO FIND OUT HOW THE TOTEM KILLS!

HOURS LATER.

GOSH, CAP, CAN'T WE FINISH TOMORROW? HO-HUM!

TIME IS ALL IMPORTANT! ANOTHER VICTIM MAY DIE AT ANY MOMENT! EUREKA! HERE IT IS!

(GULP) THE SAME TOTEM POLE!

ONLY THIS ONE IS A HUNDRED FEET HIGH AND WHEN WE FIND IT--WE'LL HAVE THE ANSWER TO THEIR DEATHS!

TOTEMS of TABOO

...SOME DAYS LATER...CAP AND BUCKY ARE DEEP IN THE WILDS OF THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST...UNAWARE THAT THEIR COMING IS NOTED BY A FURTIVE BRONZE SKINNED WATCHER...

BOY! THIS IS A MEAN CURRENT, CAP!

..MUST GO THROUGH WOODS NOW! CAN GO NO FARTHER IN CANOE!

NO GO! TOTEM--HIM MAYBE TEN MILE THAT WAY--ME GO BACK NOW!

THE GUIDE IS TERRIFIED! WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE REST OF THE WAY OURSELVES

BUDDENLY..AS THE TWO FIGURES PENETRATE DEEPER INTO THE FOREST...

GZZZ-FPPP

WHAT THE?

YEOW! DUCK CAP!

THE CHIEF!

I THOUGHT I LEFT YOU IN SEATTLE!

YOU THOUGHT YOU DID, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I WAS NOT UNDERESTIMATING THE GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA! I KNEW HE WOULD COME TO SEEK OUT THE MYSTERY OF OUR SACRED TOTEM, SO I HURRIED BACK TO PREPARE FOR HIS DEATH!

I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THOSE ARRESTED WITH YOU COMPRISED THE TRIBE! I SEE THERE ARE MORE!

SOME WERE LEFT BEHIND WHEN WE WENT TO AVENGE THE SACRED TOTEM!

ALAS! THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF OUR ONCE MIGHTY TRIBE BECAUSE OF THE WHITE MANS TREACHERY!

HOW DOES THE TOTEM KILL?

THROUGH FEAR! EACH VICTIM KNOWS HE IS DOOMED! HE REMEMBERS THE HORRIBLE TORTURE HIS COMPANIONS UNDERWENT DURING THE WAR BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE AND THE WHITE MEN! RECEIVING THE TOTEM WAS ENOUGH TO STOP THEIR CRAVEN HEARTS!

I HAVE READ HOW THE WHITE MAN DISCOVERED A GOLD MINE ON THE SITE WHERE YOUR SACRED TOTEM STOOD!

WE WERE DRIVEN FROM OUR LAND! MANY WHITE MEN HAVE DIED AND MANY MORE SHALL!

THAT'S NOT TRUE! THE WHITE MAN BOUGHT THE LAND FROM YOUR FOREFATHERS AND GAVE THEM OTHER, MORE FERTILE LAND!

YOUR SMOOTH TONGUE SHALL AVAIL YOU NOUGHT! ALL WHO WERE RESPONSIBLE MUST DIE! ONLY THIS WAY CAN WE APPEASE THE WRATH OF THE TOTEM GOD!

REALIZING THAT THE INSANE DESIRE FOR VENGEANCE CAN ONLY MEAN THEIR DEATH... CAP SIGNALS BUCKY TO ATTACK...

KEEP LOW AND ZIG ZAG! I'LL SMASH A PATH THROUGH THE CIRCLE!

GET THEM!

RIGHT!

...THE MIGHTY BULK OF CAPTAIN AMERICA BLAZES INTO ACTION!!

WAHOO!!

POW!

BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!

POW!

CRACK!

...SOMETIME LATER... CAP IS THE FIRST TO REVIVE...

(COUGH)-(COUGH) DON'T MOVE OR YOU'LL FALL!

SMOKE! (COUGH) WHERE ARE WE?

A

(GULP) WE'RE ATOP A HUNDRED FOOT POLE AND THEY'RE BURNING IT DOWN!

HOW'D THEY GET US UP HERE?

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO BE THINKING OF THAT! HOW DO WE GET DOWN!

HMM!!

WHAT ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR?

I DON'T KNOW YET! BUT-- IF THERE'S A WAY UP HERE--THE SAME WAY LEADS DOWN!

I WAS RIGHT! A TRAP DOOR! THE TOTEM IS HOLLOW!!

OUCH! THE INSIDE IS RED HOT!

AND CLEATS IN IT FORMING A LADDER!

I'M WORRYING ABOUT GETTING OUT OF THE BASE WHEN WE GET DOWN!

...AT THE HOLLOW BASE OF THE FLAMING TOTEM...

WE'RE DOWN PAST THE BASE OF THE POLE. OTHERWISE THE WALLS IN HERE WOULD BE ABLAZE!

YOU'RE RIGHT CAP! THESE ARE EARTH WALLS!

..BUCKY LEANS AGAINST THE EARTH WALL AND IT SUDDENLY GIVES WAY!!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

A TUNNEL! LET'S GO LAD!

CAP AND BUCKY EMERGE FROM THE TUNNEL.. TO FIND...

LOOK! THERE GOES THE TOTEM!

BACK!

A DEAFENING-- EARTHSHAKING ROAR--AS THE GREAT MASS OF TOTEM POLE CRASHES DOWN ON THE OVERHANGING LEDGE OF ROCK OVERLOOKING THE SWIRLING RAPIDS FAR BELOW...

YEOW! THE WHOLE LEDGE WITH THE INDIANS ON IT IS BREAKING OFF!

GOSH! THAT'S THE END OF THE WHOLE TRIBE!

IT'S BEST LAD! THEY WERE MADMEN--DEDICATED TO MURDER!

CRASH!

The DESTROYER

BATTLES THE BLOODY BARON

THE DESTROYER— NEMESIS OF THE FAST RETREATING NIP HORDE, CATCHES UP WITH THE LONG SOUGHT EVASIVE BLOODY BARON ON ONE OF THE ENEMY HELD ISLANDS THAT POINTS LIKE AN ARROW STRAIGHT AT THE HEART OF THE JAPANESE EMPIRE!

AN AMERICAN ADVANCE COLUMN CHASING THE JAPS, REACHES A NATIVE VILLAGE---

THE BLOODY BARON AGAIN!

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN BUTCHERED WITHOUT A CHANCE!

THIS IS THE FOURTH NATIVE VILLAGE HE'S WIPED OUT!

AND SURABI IS HIS NEXT STOP!

SURABI! . THAT'S A PRISON CAMP!

"YES," SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF OUR BOYS FROM BATAAN AND CORREGIDOR ARE THERE! AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE BLOODY BARON GETS THERE!

MEANWHILE SOME TWO HOURS AHEAD OF THE PURSUING AMERICANS, THE BLOODY BARON HALTS HIS RETREATING HORDE NEAR A JUNGLE STREAM.

YOUR MEN FIGHT REAR GUARD ACTION HERE, ENABLE HONORABLE ARMY TO REACH PREPARED POSITION IN HILLS! DETESTABLE YANKEE PIGS NEVER CONQUER ISLAND. ONCE WE ARE HERE!

WILL STOP AT SURABI LONG ENOUGH TO WIPE OUT PRISON CAMP! DECADENT AMERICANS MUST PAY FOR UNWARRENTED ATTACK ON JAPANESE EMPIRE!

ON A JUNGLE ROAD BEYOND THE STREAM, AS THE BLOODY BARON'S COLUMN RUMBLES ON TOWARD SURABI ---

A BREAK! A HIP TANK WITH THE HATCH OPEN!

WAITING THE OPPORTUNE MOMENT, A LITHE FIGURE DROPS DOWN ON THE ENEMY TANK BRINGING UP THE REAR-- THE DESTROYER, ALWAYS ON THE SPOT WHEREVER THE ENEMY CONTEMPLATES A FOUL DEED!

THE DESTROYER DIVES HEAD FIRST INTO THE TANK---

THIS SARDINE CAN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR TWO, HIPPO! SO GUESS WHAT?

UGH!

SOMETIME LATER, THE BLOODY BARON IS CLOSETED WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE SURABI PRISON CAMP...

SO THE YANKEE DOGS HAVE BARRICADED THEMSELVES IN THE PRISON BARRACKS!

YES, EXCELLENCY! ARE AWARE ISLAND INVADED! HOPE TO BE RESCUED BY AMERICANS!

THEN CONTEMPTIBLE PIGS SHALL BE SLAUGHTERED IN BARRACKS! WILL GIVE ORDER FOR TANKS AND CANNON TO SHELL THEM IMMEDIATELY!

REFUSE TO ENTER PRISON YARD, SUSPECT EXCELLENCY'S INTENTIONS!

EXCUSE, EXCELLENCY! THIS UNWORTHY PERSON ADVANCE SUGGESTION? GREAT QUANTITY OF AMMUNITION WILL REGRETTABLY BE LEFT BEHIND WHEN WE LEAVE!

SO--

THE CRUEL MIND OF THE BLOODY BARON QUICKLY SEIZES ON THE MEANING OF THE COMMANDER'S WORDS!

CAN BE QUICKLY TRANSFERRED TO CELLAR OF BARRACKS WHERE DETESTABLE DOGS HAVE BARRICADED SELVES!

AH! AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION! SEE THAT IT IS DONE AT ONCE!

THEN AS THE LAST OF THE EXPLOSIVES IS CARRIED INTO THE CELLAR BELOW THE BARRACKS, THE BLOODY BARON BELLOWS TO THE DOOMED PRISONERS OVER A LOUD SPEAKER...

TAKE YOUR CHOICE, STUPID YANKEE DOGS! COME OUT AND BE MOWED DOWN BY MACHINE GUNS OR STAY AND BE BLOWN TO BITS BY TONS OF EXPLOSIVES BENEATH YOU--HA-HA!

AND WITHIN THE BARRACKS--

WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES ON THE MACHINE GUNS! COME ON!

NO! NO! STOP! WAIT!

IT'S BETTER THAN BEING BLOWN TO BITS!

THE LEADERS OF THE PRISONERS HAVING HALTED THE PANICKED RUSH, HASTILY CONFER.

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO LEAD A BREAK THROUGH THE TUNNEL WE DUG UNDER THE CHARGED FENCE!

AREN'T WE FORGETTING THAT THE ENTRANCE TO THAT TUNNEL IS IN THE CELLAR?

NO! SOME OF US WILL HAVE TO RUSH THE FEW JAPS DOWN THERE SETTING THE TIME FUSES, THE BLOODY BARON SPOKE OF! THE OTHERS CAN MAKE FOR THE TUNNEL WHILE WE DO!

MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW, THE DESTROYER, DISGUISED IN THE UNIFORM OF THE JAP TANK DRIVER, HAS TAKEN A PLACE AMONG THE JAP SOLDIERS.

ALL EXPLOSIVES TRANSFERRED!

IS GOOD! HAVE ONE MORE TASK AFTER SETTING TIME CLOCK!

THE STUPID YANKEE DO NOT KNOW WE ARE AWARE OF TUNNEL! HA! HA!

SO! NOW IF CONTEMPTIBLE PIGS TRY TO ESCAPE I WILL TRIP OVER WIRE AND SET OFF TONS OF EXPLOSIVES!

TNT

THEN AS THE COMMANDER IS ABOUT TO LEAVE---

HA! FIVE MORE MINUTES AND-- YAH-EEE

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! OH-OH! TWO MORE I CAN'T FIGURE ON!

THE BARON IS LEAVING! CAN'T ATTACK THAT REMAINING RAT WHILE HIS HANDS ARE ON THAT TRIP WIRE! MAY SET OFF THE CHARGE!

EXPL

SORRY TOJO! I USUALLY DON'T USE HUMAN SHIELDS, BUT IT'S MY SKIN OR YOURS!

AIH UGRUERRR

SUDDENLY, THE DESTROYER WHIRLS TO RUSH OF FEET COMIN STEPS---

GREAT CAESAR! THE PRISONERS ARE MAKING A BREAK FOR THAT TUNNEL! AND THE TRIP WIRE'S STILL THERE!

CRACK

WITH A FRANTIC WARNING CRY, THE DESTROYER LEAPS TOWARD THE PRISONERS POURING DOWN THE STEPS ----

STOP! DON'T MOVE! LOOK OUT FOR THAT WIRE! I'M THE DESTROYER!

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S THE DESTROYER!

HAVING TAKEN OFF HIS JAP UNIFORM, THE DESTROYER OUTLINES A DESPERATE PLAN, WHILE GINGERLY DISMANTLING THE LETHAL TRIP WIRE ---

IF WE DETACH THE TIME CLOCK FUSE, THE BARON WILL SUSPECT! FOUR MINUTES BEFORE IT SETS OFF THE EXPLOSION! CAN YOU DO IT COLONEL?

I'LL HAVE THE PRISONERS OUT OF HERE IN TWO! THAT'LL GIVE US TWO MORE TO GET CLEAR OF THE EXPLOSION!

MEANWHILE, THE BLOODY BARON, LEAVING A SUICIDE SQUAD BEHIND TO MAN THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE GUARD POST, HASTENS AWAY FROM THE DOOMED PRISON -----

EXCELLENCY! YANKEES HAVE ANNIHILATED THE REAR GUARDS! ARE ADVANCING!

HA! HA! THEY WILL BE TOO LATE TO SAVE PRISONERS!

AND AT THE APPOINTED MOMENT, THE JAP COLUMN, RETREATING TOWARD THE SAFETY OF THEIR MOUNTAIN POSITION, HALTS WHEN A TREMENDOUS DETONATION ECHOES THROUGH THE HILLS ---

BOOM

THE PRISON CAMP! HA! HA! THE BLOODY BARON HAS LEFT HIS MARK FOR THE DECADENT ENEMY TO FIND!

AT THAT MOMENT, PART WAY UP ONE OF THE TOWERING PEAKS OVERLOOKING THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PASS---

HOPE THE BARON WON'T MIND US TAKING THESE GRENADES AND DYNAMITE FROM THE EXPLOSIVES IN THE CELLAR!

WE ONLY BORROWED THEM! WE'LL BE GLAD TO RETURN THEM VERY SHORTLY!

WAIT FOR THE DESTROYERS SIGNAL TO START HEAVING!

AND MAKE EVERY GRENADE AND STICK COUNT!

WAITING UNTIL THE JAP COLUMN, LEAD BY THE BLOODY BARON, IS WELL INTO THE NARROW PASS, THE DESTROYER'S HEAVE OF HIS GRENADE IS THE SIGNAL FOR A RAIN OF EXPLOSIVES---

AIGG!!!

BOOM

CAUGHT IN THE NARROW PASS BETWEEN THE ONCOMING AMERICAN FORCES AND THE EXPLOSIVES HURLED DOWN ON THEM BY THE PRISONERS ABOVE, THE BLOODY BARON AND HIS FORCE ARE WIPED OUT TO A MAN!

BOOM

END

LETS PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP

THE CASE OF THE "TAINTED ALIBI"

A LONELY FARMHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

QUICK, MARTHA, PHONE THE POLICE... SOMEONE HAS JUST MURDERED THE OLD HERMIT DOWN THE ROAD!

SOMETIME LATER...

THAT'S THE SHACK OVER THERE, MR. TRAPP... YOU'LL FIND THE BODY ON THE FLOOR!

SHOT THRU THE HEAD! LET'S HAVE THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING!

WELL, AS I WAS PASSING THE SHACK, I HEARD A SHOT - SUDDENLY A MAN DASHED OUT... I RAN TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED, AND THERE WAS THE HERMIT - DEAD... I CHASED THE KILLER BUT HE DISAPPEARED INTO THE WOODS!

THE TWO MEN GO OUTSIDE WHERE "PEPPER" BURNS, MIKE'S YOUNG ASSISTANT IS EXAMINING THE MUD ABOUT THE SHACK...

FIND ANYTHING, PEPPER?

NOTHING EXCEPT A PERSON'S FOOT PRINTS LEADING INTO THE WOODS!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF THAT POOR HERMIT... YOUR ALIBI WAS SLIGHTLY TAINTED!

LATER, WHEN THE KILLER WAS SAFELY BEHIND BARS...

THAT FARMER FINALLY BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED HE KILLED THE HERMIT FOR HIS HOARDED MONEY... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW HE WAS GUILTY!

SIMPLE, PEPPER... HE SAID HE CHASED AFTER THE MARAUDER AS FAR AS THE WOODS... YET THERE WERE ONLY ONE PERSON'S FOOT PRINTS IN THE MUD, HIS STORY WAS TRUE THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN TWO

TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION...

THE FLUTIST

BUSINESS hadn't been good for a while. Not the detective business anyhow. I'd begun to think I'd better start looking for a defense job the day old Mr. David Britter crept into my office and perched on the edge of a chair.

"It's the thing with the horns and hairy legs," he started off, his voice squeaky and scared. "And it usually comes out at night. Especially if there is a moon. It is hard to believe such a thing could happen, and I know it sounds crazy—"

It did sound queer. "Tell me about it. What did you say it looks like?"

"I don't know for sure," the old man whispered. "I—I didn't see it too distinctly. You—you will help me, won't you?"

I said I would, although this sounded out of my line. "You're sure you saw horns and so on. It could be a cow—"

"Cows," the old man explained patiently, his button-hole mouth getting tight and round, "don't play flutes!"

I guessed they didn't. At any rate I'd never heard of it before. I didn't know too much about the old man. He's not sociable. Lives in a big house all by himself except for a servant and gardener. He'd traveled a lot, I'd heard. Africa, India, places like that. Some sort of scientist, I guess.

"I'll be out," I promised, beginning to get really curious. "You go home and relax. And stay indoors all you can."

There was something likeable about the old man. And I felt sorry for him, too. I'd never heard anyone say anything against him. He had money. One perfectly good reason for my trying to get him straightened out.

* * * * *

THAT evening I took a ride to his place, parked the boiler in the bushes, and walked along a path that led through shade trees and across terraces. In summer it's quite a show place. But even with spring close it was pretty dreary and lonesome. The sort of place to give anyone the willies. Maybe old David Britter had had a little too much of his own company.

I didn't go up to the house, but walked around the grounds. There were a couple of lights on in the first floor of the building, up near the front. Upstairs a couple more were burning. I circled the house to a clump of lilac bushes—

I stubbed my toe on something in the grass, which was pretty high just there, and took a look with my flashlight. For a couple of seconds I couldn't move. Just stood and stared. I knew right then old Britter must have more than crazy notions in his head.

The man on the ground was dead. He'd been struck on the head and the blow had left the mark of a hoof!

* * * * *

CHARLIE ANDERSON is chief down at the local headquarters. Charlie and I have always been pretty close friends. I had to call him in. I talked him into giving me time to figure this out myself.

Then I called on Dave Britter, and found out the dead man was Blane, the gardener. He'd been with old Britter a long time. Besides him there was Mullin, who looked after Dave's personal needs. I saw Mullin, a close-mouthed guy, who could have passed for a prize fighter. Mullin had his quarters over the garage.

This had turned into a double-barreled deal. At first it was just the thing with the hoofs that played a flute nights. That proposition had been tough enough. Now, with Blane dead, it was murder. Which didn't simplify matters any.

Back in town I stopped to see Charlie Anderson again. He'd been doing a little checking on the side for me. "You can give Mullin a clean bill of health so far as records go," Charlie said. "As of now, anyhow. I can't find anything against him. He's been with Britter a long time

and evidently the old guy thinks he's tops."

"And Blane? Any possible angle there?"

"Nothing," Charlie said. "His record's okay, too."

"And Britter's story about the thing with the horns?"

Charlie scowled. "That's your business. You asked for it. Personally I'm glad it's all yours!"

* * * * *

THAT night I went back to Britter's place. Along about nine-thirty the clouds broke up and the moon came out. I checked on Mullin. The door of his rooms over the garage was locked, and he was in there snoring loud enough to wake the dead.

Satisfied with that, I got out and started across toward the house when the sound came to me.

At first I couldn't place it. It was something you hear and don't hear. But the wind quickened a little and brought it to me then.

It was the sound of a flute!

It came from down near the bottom of the terrace, where there's a little rock garden. I worked down there, being good and careful not to make any noise. I looked out into this opening. At first I couldn't see anything. Then something moved and I did see it.

The animal with the hoofs and horns. It looked half man half animal. It was neither, evidently. It was hairy and had horns.

Dave Britter was right. It was playing a flute.

I'd never seen anything like it before. I worked around to the other side of the garden, where the shrubbery ran up close to a kind of rocky mound, where this thing is standing. Maybe I was too curious. I tried to get close, climbing on a little heap of rocks—

The rocks turned and I fell into the bushes. Next second this thing came charging at me.

I was scared stiff and don't mind admitting it. But I did roll out of the way just in time. It kicked at me as it went by. I felt the wind past my head. Then it went pounding away along the path, and by the time I got my wind and bearings, it was gone.

* * * * *

I HEADED back up hill, then turned north to the garage. This animal must be around the neighborhood, and probably Mullin would be a good shot. Probably he'd have a rifle or something kicking around, and I figured the best thing we could do would be to team up, and try to find this critter.

I got to his door. I could hear him snoring inside and when I rapped he didn't wake up. I couldn't get any answer, so I beat it around to the side and got in a window, using a ladder lying on the ground.

Inside I started toward the sound of his snoring, which should be the bed. Halfway across I stopped. I'd heard something else.

Someone had put a key in the door lock and turned it. And next second I felt a draft as the door opened and closed gently. Footsteps sounded across the floor and the snoring stopped. And a second later a light snapped on. . . .

Mullin turned, stood staring at me. For about a split second I didn't get it, until I saw he wasn't beside the bed at all, but beside a radio-phonograph. Then it hit me like a ton of lead.

"That's it," I said. He let something drop to the floor. It was a suit of some kind, with hair all over it. There was a hunk of headgear with horns. . . . I said, "You killed Blane—"

* * * * *

HE MUST have been carrying a rod. He went for it, but I was too close. I clipped him and he dropped hard.

I looked at the radio-phonograph. The snoring had come from a record, not from Mullin himself. It was an automatic set and would play until someone turned it off.

I tied Mullin up and went to the house, and told Dave Britter what had happened. "What would Mullin want to do that for?" I wanted to know. "He killed Blane."

"Mullin has been with me for years," Mr. Britter said. "He cared for me when I was sick and couldn't help myself. Blane did his share, also. I was dividing my fortune between them—"

I got it then. Mullin put on this act to scare Blane away, but probably Blane got wise and Mullin disposed of him, with one of those phony hoofs. Mullin tried again, hoping to either scare the old man to death, or give him the same thing Blane had gotten. With both of them out of the way, Mullin would have come in for the entire fortune.

Dave Britter paid off generously. Before that dough runs out I hope something else turns up. Although I don't want another job like this one. For a while I kind of figured I was ripe for a padded cell.

THE END

The WHIZZER

AN EVIL GENIUS WITH A TERRIBLE NEW MURDER WEAPON THAT DEFIED THE AMAZING SPEED OF -- THE WHIZZER -- WHEN THE FAMED NEMESIS OF CRIMINALS ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE OF DR NITRO AND HIS

"MURDER BY REMOTE CONTROL"

VISITOR'S DAY AT THE STATE PRISON.

THE ELECTRIC EYE GONG! THIS GUY HAS SOMETHING ON HIM!

UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

PHOOEY PERFUME! THE METAL CAD ON IT SET OFF THE ALARM!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? EVERY TIME YOU COME THE ALARM GOES OFF! DONTCHA KNOW ENOUGH TO DUMP ALL THE METAL BEFORE GETTIN' IN?

IT'S ONLY HAND LOTION! MY HANDS CHAD IN COLD WEATHER!

OKAY! GET GOIN' TARZAN! HA-HA!

PRISONERS AND VISITORS WHISPER UNDER THE ALERT EYES OF A GUARD . . .

I GOT THE GLYCERINE!

GOOD! I'M READY FOR THE FINAL TEST! OKAY! WATCH MY SIGNAL AND THEN DUMP IT!

LOOK WHAT I DID GOSH!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?

LATER --- BACK IN HIS CELL . .

AH! EVERY LAST DROP OUT OF THE HANDKERCHIEF! HA-HA! IF ONLY THE PRISON DOCTOR SUSPECTED WHAT HIS TRUSTEE ASSISTANT WAS DOING!

I'M SORRY! I WAS RUBBING MY CHAPPED HANDS WITH THAT LOTION AND IT SLIPPED!

FORGET IT, GUARD! NO HARM DONE! I'LL WIPE IT UP!

A FEW MONTHS LATER --- THE MYSTERIOUS PRISONER IS RELEASED . . .

NOT BAD! YOU PERFECTED YOUR EXPERIMENT RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES IN THE PRISON LAB!

WE'LL MAKE MILLIONS! IT'S FOOL PROOF! NO ONE CAN STOP US!

MYSTERIOUS PRISON EXPLOSION KILLS TWO GUARDS

ONE DAY, WEEKS LATER, FINDS JACK ROBINSON - THE WHIZZER - TRANSACTING SOME BUSINESS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT . . .

STOP! STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

OOPS! THEY WANT THIS GUY AND HE'S FALLING RIGHT INTO MY LAP!

HOLD IT, MISTER! END OF THE LINE FOR YOU!

HEY! O-O-OFFF!

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN, STANDERS?

NO! WHY SHOULD HE FLING THE CONTENTS OF THAT BOTTLE AT ME?

AW! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, I TELL YA!

APPARENTLY THE STUFF IS HARMLESS! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY, OFFICERS!

AS ROBINSON PONDERS THE SEEMINGLY HARMLESS INCIDENT, A LONG SLEEK CAR TURNS INTO THE STREET . . .

HMM! WONDER WHY STANDERS, THE FINANCIER, IS BEING GUARDED BY TWO COPS!

SUDDENLY, A THUNDERING DETONATION ROCKS THE STREET . . . .

WOW! HEY! WHAT THE ----? GREAT CAESAR! SANDERS WAS BLOWN TO BITS!

UGH! NOT A THING LEFT OF THIS GUY SANDERS, YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! AND NOT MUCH LEFT OF HIS GUARDS!

I GOT IT! THAT GUY I STOPPED! AND THAT STUFF ON SANDERS SUIT!

LIKE A FLASH JACK ROBINSON BECOMES --- THE WHIZZER . . .

THREE DEAD MEN AND ONLY TWO BODIES ---! HEY ---!

HE COULDN'T GO FAR!

NOT A SIGN OF HIM! THERE HE IS GETTING INTO A CAR!

GOING SOMEWHERE, MISTER?

THE WHIZZER!

OOPS! YOU MISSED! BUT I WON'T!

OW-W!

IF YOU DON'T KNOW HIM -- WHY DID YOU TRY TO HIT ME WITH THAT CANE?

RIDICULOUS! I WAS GOING TO HIT HIM, NOT YOU! TO PREVENT HIS GETTING IN!

HE'S RIGHT! THE CAR STOPPED FOR A LIGHT AND I WAS GOING TO ASK FOR A RIDE!

SOMETHING'S ROTTEN, BOYS! SEARCH THE CAR!

A THOROUGH SEARCH PROVES FUTILE . . .

NOT A THING! NO BOTTLES OF ANY LIQUID EITHER!

OKAY! BETTER HOLD THE GUY I CAUGHT AND LET THE OTHER TWO GO!

LATER - AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS . .

WHEW! SO SANDERS WASN'T THE FIRST, EH?

NO! TWO OTHERS BLOWN TO BITS BEFORE HIM! NEWSPAPERS WORKED WITH US, KEEPING IT QUIET WHILE WE SEARCHED FOR A CLUE!

THE KILLER WHO SIGNS THE BLACK MAIL NOTES CALLS HIMSELF DR NITRO! HE SENT THE NOTES TO WEALTHY MEN DEMANDING FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS -- THE OTHERS PAID AFTER THE FIRST TWO WERE KILLED! SANDERS WAS STUBBORN AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

WHAT IN--??

DR. NITRO, EH? NOW I KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE! SO LONG, CHIEF!

UNKNOWN TO DR. NITRO, WHIZZER HAS SHADOWED THE CAR, AND ZOOMS BACK TO THE GARAGE FROM PO-LICE HEADQUARTERS . . .

THOUGHT SO! WHAT A DEVIL-ISH CONTRAPTION THIS IS! I COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT BEFORE, BUT NOW I KNOW!

TOO LATE DOES WHIZZER'S SHARP EARS HEAR THE SLITHERING FOOTSTEPS . . .

OW-W!

YOU DON'T KNOW IT, WHIZZER, BUT WHEN YOU LIFT-ED THE HOOD, YOU SET OFF AN ALARM! HA-HA!

SOMETIME LATER--A GROANING WHIZZER TRIES TO RISE . . .

HEY, I'M DRIPPING WET!

I DOUSED YOU WITH T.N.T., WHIZZER! AND YOU KNOW MY NEXT MOVE!

YOU SWITCH OFF YOUR HEAD LIGHTS AND TURN ON YOUR DEVILISH RAY AND POOF-F! NO MORE WHIZZER!

CORRECT! YOUR SPEED WILL AVAIL YOU NOTHING AGAINST THE SPEED OF MY ELECTRIC EYE--CHEMICALLY TREATED TO EXPLODE YOUR NITRO SOAKED BODY!

EVEN AS THE TAUNTING VOICE OF DR. NITRO ECHOES THROUGH THE SHADOWY GARAGE, WHIZZER'S KEEN EYE DETECTS SOMETHING THAT MAKES HOPE SURGE AGAIN . . .

AT THE COUNT OF THREE, YOU DIE! ONE ---

IT'S ALONG SIDE THE CAR! I'LL HAVE TO TIME IT TO A FRACTION, AND MOVE JUST AS HE --- FINISHES THE COUNT OF TWO!

THE FATAL COUNT OF THREE AND A WEIRD GLOW FLASHES TOWARD THE CORNER . . .

(GULP) HE'S GONE!

GET THE HAND TORCH, ELECTRIC EYES! WE STILL CAN GET HIM!

HE CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS BLOCKED!

THIS IS MY CHANCE WHILE THEIR BACKS ARE TO ME!

OUCH!

YEOW!

THIS SHOULD LULL YOU KILLERS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DESTROY YOUR CONTRAPTIONS! THEN I'LL GIVE YOU A REAL GOING OVER!

LATER.

WHIZZER?

HY'A CHIEF! GET YOUR SECRETARY AND BRUSH OFF THE HOT SEAT! THESE RATS ARE READY TO SING--BUT LOUD!

THE END.

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE MIKE TRAPP - by Ed Dahlman

THE CASE of the DEATH NOTE!

THE APARTMENT OF AUTHOR PEN POTTER ....

DEAR, THE HEROINE IN MY BOOK, PLANS TO COMMIT SUICIDE, AND I PLAN TO USE A SPECIMAN OF THE SUICIDE NOTE, IN A WOMAN'S HANDWRITING, IN THE BOOK --- SO JUST COPY THE NOTE FROM THIS SCRIPT AND SIGN YOUR FIRST NAME, AS IT IS THE SAME AS HERS!

HA! HA! HA! MY TRUSTING WIFE! YOU HAVE JUST SIGNED --- YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT, AND I'LL COLLECT ON YOUR $50,000 INSURANCE POLICY!

...AND THE NEXT DAY, THE POLICE INVESTIGATE THE (AHEM) SUICIDE OF MRS. PEN POTTER...

BUT-BUT MY WIFE TOOK HER OWN LIFE, WHY ARE THE POLICE HERE?

MERELY ROUTINE, MR. POTTER! COULD I SEE THE SUICIDE NOTE?

With the end of it
I hope
out of it all in
a few minutes
Dear

WHERE DID YOU FIND THE NOTE?

IT WAS CLUTCHED IN MY WIFES HAND!

OKAY, POTTER! GET YOUR HAT AND COAT --- WE'RE GOING TO HEADQUARTERS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR WIFE!

WHAT TH---

LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, POTTER MAKES A CONFESSION...

--- SO AFTER SHE WROTE THE NOTE, I KILLED HER --- TELL ME TRAPP, HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GUILTY?

YOUR ALIBI WAS PERFECT, BUT FOR ONE SLIP --- YOU SAID YOU FOUND THE SUICIDE NOTE CLUTCHED IN YOUR WIFE'S HAND YET THE PAPER THAT NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON WAS UNCRUMPLED, SURELY --- A DEAD PERSONS GRIP ON A PIECE OF PAPER WOULD OF LEFT IT WRINKLED!

(TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION)

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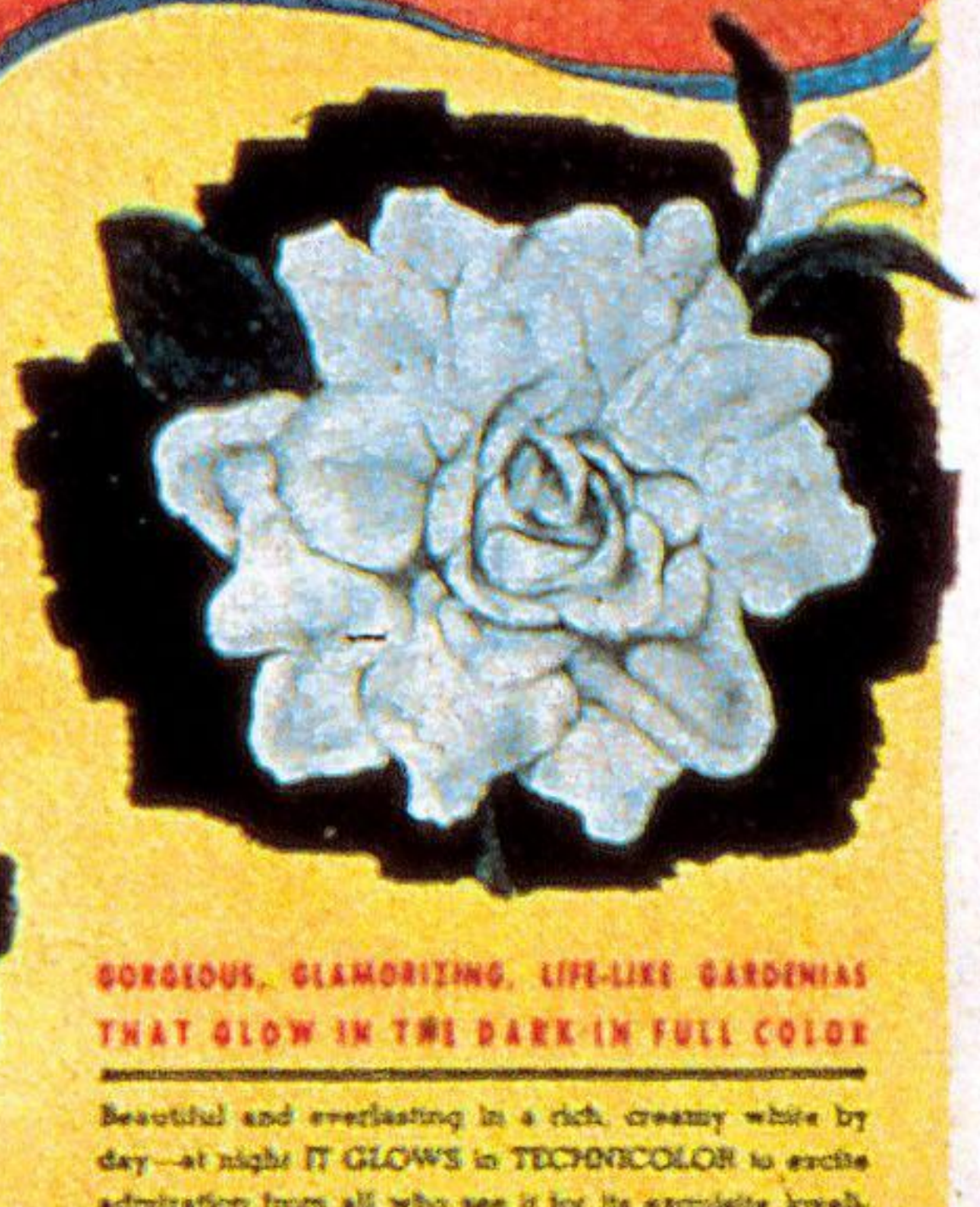

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★ ★ ★ **MAIL 7-DAY TRIAL COUPON NOW!**

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